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## St. Louis Christian Advocate.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1858.

### The Pacific Methodist.

This paper, which some time ago was removed from Stockton to San Francisco, re-appears in a much more handsome and improved form. It is really a very handsome sheet and filled with interesting and instructive matter. The new editor, Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, acquires himself well. Hope he will be well sustained. The Methodist is the organ of the Southern Methodist Church in California, and for its success we feel much interest.

We copy the following from the editorial columns of the issue of the 18th ult., and assure the editor and the public generally that it will give us much pleasure to receive and forward the names of any who wish to subscribe for that paper. Set us down as a resident agent, as we have little or no opportunity to travel. The subscription price of The Methodist is five dollars a year payable in advance. Come, if you want the paper you can get it. Send us your names with the subscription money, and we will guarantee the paper on the return of the money. As just remarked, we desire the paper should succeed; and perhaps we have as many subscribers in California as any of the Advocates, but do not wish to be in the way of The Methodist, though we have no desire to lose any subscribers. There is room for all, a demand for all, and people enough to sustain all, and they are fully able to do it, if they were but willing:

### A FAVOR ASKED.

Persons in the Atlantic States may wish to subscribe to our paper, and yet not do so because they do not know how they can remit their subscriptions. When The Methodist was first contemplated, two years ago, Dr. Myers, of the Southern Christian Advocate, kindly offered to act as agent in receiving and forwarding subscriptions to us. No doubt all the editors of our church organs would cheerfully extend to us this favor. If so, will they please so announce to their readers? Of course we cannot expect a heavy circulation so far away—certainly not heavy enough to make The Methodist a formidable rival to any of our Advocates—but we have already some subscribers in the Atlantic States, and hope for more. Every mite is felt. Will the editors say this kind word for us? We shall be happy to act as agent for any of our friends in California who wish to send for any of our Atlantic Advocates.

### A Good Suggestion.

We copy the following from a late number of the Advocate and Journal. The suggestion is a good one, and we hope the thing will be done. It is true, the history must be one, at least down to the time of division; but some witnesses out here West will not agree there was ever any division. They sometimes condescend to speak of "a great secession" which they say occurred sometime about 1844, and write lengthily about "seceders," "secessionists," &c., &c. But as to division, that's out of the question.

The "Old Church" was never divided, agreeably to their say so, and the judges of the Supreme Court are *dolts* for having said so; and all others who take the same view of the matter, or in other words, tell the truth about it, are placed by them in the same category. The editors of the Journal had better be careful as to the language they use else some of these aforesaid, would-be-wise ones will write them down as "pro-slaveryites."

However, we hope the day is not far distant when this matter of Church history will be attended to. It has been delayed too long already.

One thing more. We hope when the "South-east and the Southwest" undertake the matter there will be in the productions more historical correctness than is found in some of these which have emanated from the Northeast and Northwest.

### METHODIST HISTORY.

At the recent session of the Memphis Conference, Dr. McMahon was requested, by a vote, to furnish the Church, at his earliest convenience, with his auto-biography. Such a work will no doubt prove highly entertaining and instructive, for he ranks almost, if not quite, as one of the pioneers of Methodism in the West. The Southern Advocate says: "We hope he may find leisure and inclination for the task. We join heartily in this hope. No adequate history of Methodism can be written till some such works are produced in the Southwest and also the Southeast. We have had a tolerable supply of historical material by similar works from the Northeast and Northwest; but the South, generally, has been very dilatory in providing them. When shall we have memoirs of Capers, Winans, and when sectional memoirs of Methodism in the South generally? The history of the two Churches must be one, down at least to the division at the New York General Conference; both should, therefore, feel a common interest in everything that can contribute to the illustration of its remarkable annals.

ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—The Count de Tendilla, whilst besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Alhambra, was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay his soldiers, who began to murmur as they had not the means of purchasing the necessities of life from the people of the town. "In this dilemma," says the historian, "what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay. 'How,' you will say, 'are soldiers to be paid with little scraps of paper?' Even so; and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good Count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future day with gold and silver. Thus by subtle and most miraculous alchemy did this cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold and silver, and his late impoverished army abounded in money." The historian adds: "The Count de Tendilla redeemed his promise like a royal knight; and this miracle, as it appeared in the eye of the Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money—which has since spread throughout the civilized world the most unbounded opulence."

DR. BORING.—We learn from the Columbia Enquirer, that the Rev. Dr. Jesse Boring, of the M. E. Church, South, has determined to dissolve his connection with the Georgia Conference for the purpose of joining the Texas Conference.

So says the Texas Advocate of Oct. 29d. If the editor of the Advocate will take a suggestion from this quarter, we will just hint that he may do well to consult Dr. Boring before he undertakes to enlighten the public in regard to Methodism in California. No men of his Church have been on the Pacific coast have more enlightened and candid views of the state of Methodism here than Dr. B. and Rev. B. T. Crouch. Mark that—all whom it may concern.—*California C. Advocate.*

Well, it concerns us; so we have marked it as per directions. But what then? Why this? We have consulted Dr. B.—or his expressed opinions at least—and after due consultation of both his and Rev. B. T. Crouch's views, are still of the opinion that our Church and cause ought to be maintained and sustained in California. It sometimes happens, "in the course of human events," that a man's personal success or failure in an enterprise shapes and shades his entire opinions of that enterprise. If some men find they can do a thing easily and readily, they are apt to conclude others can do so likewise; and if they cannot do that thing, they are too prone to suppose that none others can. This principle seems to inhere in poor human nature, and often operates when we least suspect it. The successes attending the labors of Southern preachers in California does not look as though our Church was dying out—but they do indicate the probability that Southern Methodists there might perhaps be in the way of some others that we wot of. Hope however there will be no strife, though we must insist upon the continuance of our ministers and Church operations in that country. And it shall not be our fault if they do not remain and continue to labor successfully. Not in the spirit of rivalry, but of faith in Christ. Not to outdo others, so much as to do good—to preach Christ and save souls. There are faithful and true men there—men who may be relied on, who will do good anywhere. And why should they not continue there? Aye, why?

THERE ARE BAD MEN IN TENNESSEE YET.—If you don't believe it read the following:

At the recent term of the circuit court of Tazewell, Ten., a fellow was arraigned for stealing a raw hide. He alleged that he purchased it from a negro. The attorney for the commonwealth admitted his statement and he was acquitted. He was immediately indicted for trading with a negro. Thereupon the accused introduced two witnesses to prove that he had stolen the hide—when he was of course discharged; and having already been tried for stealing he could not be tried a second time for the same offence, and was turned loose unpunished.

The above appeared in the Abingdon Virginian; the Knoxville Register copied it and added the following:

A case somewhat similar to this, though a great deal worse, occurred in our neighboring county of Roane not long ago. A fellow by the name of Copeland was arraigned for the murder of an old man named Cox. He pleaded not guilty. And his witnesses proved to the satisfaction of the jury that he was not guilty as charged; so he was discharged. At the next term of the court another man was indicted for the same murder, when Copeland came in and swore that he himself had murdered Cox, and that the prisoner at the bar was in no wise accessory to the crime. So both escaped.

If two stronger cases than the above can be found we lose our guess. They beat all the Yankee nation, and are a little ahead of anything we have ever before heard of. Such men ought to be - - - Well we hardly know what should be done with them. To throw them into a stagnant pool in the hottest summer weather, and let them be nibbled to death by tadpoles, would be too good for them.

A WITTY REPLY.—A certain nobleman, the proprietor of large estates, was in the habit of once every year of inviting his tenants, among whom was a conscientious Quaker, to dine with him. The Quaker, not anxious to brave the senseless ridicule to which members of the Society of Friends were at that time exposed, invariably declined the honor. At length his lordship pressed him, as a personal favor, to attend; and for once he consented to do so. On the right of the host sat the Vicar, and on the left, his Curate. After dinner, the Vicar, who stuttered painfully, attempted to put a question, by way of banter, to the Quaker. The Quaker stared but made no reply. The clergyman repeated, in the same incomprehensible manner, his query. Still the Quaker made no answer. Then the Curate, who was of a glib and ready tongue, interfered, and said, "I do not think you understand what the Vicar says." "I do not see how I should, friend," quickly replied the Quaker. "Oh, he simply asks you whether you can tell him how it was that Balaam's ass spoke?" "Balaam had an impediment in his speech, and his ass spoke for him," was the very conclusive rejoinder.

WHY USE KIND WORDS.—Because they always cheer him to whom they are addressed. They soothe him if he is wretched; they comfort him if he is sad; they keep him out of the slough of despond, or help him out if he happens to be in.

2. There are words enough of the opposite kind flying in all directions—sour words, cross words, fretful words, insulting words, overbearing words irritating words. Now let kind words have a chance to get abroad, since so many so different are on the wing.

3. Kind words bless him that uses them. A sweet sound of the tongue tends to make the heart mellow. Kind words react upon the kind feelings which prompted them, and make them more kind. They add fresh fuel to the fire of benevolent emotion in the soul.

4. Kind words begot kind feelings towards him that love to use them. People love to see the face and hear the voice of such a man.

Kind words are therefore of great value in these hard times.

MISSIONARY LOSSES IN INDIA.—The total pecuniary loss to the Christian Missions in India by the late disasters is set down at \$554,000. The Baptist (British) Missionary loss at Agra was \$35,000, and that of the Church Missionary Society the heavy aggregate of \$150,000. At three other points the same Society sustains a loss of \$5000, and the Berlin Mission suffers a loss of \$6,500.

From the Southern Baptist.

### Roger Williams.

As much stress has been laid upon the validity of the baptisms proceeding from the first Church in the Rhode Island colony, we propose to give a brief statement concerning the historical identity and integrity of that Church. We attach no importance whatever to the argument for the succession of baptisms, any more than we do to a prelatical or apostolical succession to the ministry. Any person who can take such a poor figment of an argument either for prelatical or baptizing succession, should read Whately on the Kingdom of Christ; or Stillingfleet on the Episcopate. And bishops of the Church of England as they are, they have left not an inch of ground for such a succession.

But the original Roger Williams' Church, as it is called, has been so often cited, and so often misrepresented, by Baptists especially, at a distance from the field, that it will be useful to correct some of those errors. It is said, for example, that the first religious society formed by Roger Williams and his friends, in 1639, was no Church at all, and that it crumbled into pieces in a few months. Again: it is assumed, in opposition to all the records, that the first regular Church formed in Providence was in 1652, and that a schism from this Church went out under Chad Brown and others, leaving Thomas Olney as the elder of the regular Church. It is also said that the first regular Baptist Church in America was formed in Newport, in 1639, and that this church having an unbroken succession to the present, is the only proper representative of the first Baptists in this country.

To correct these, and many other loose statements, would require more space than we could give in this paper, and we now take up the matter because, on two occasions, we have promised to set this matter right.

In our leading article in this paper of August 4th, of this year, we acknowledged that we owed a little debt of amendment to some of our Baptist writers, for an error which we ourselves gave currency to about ten years ago, by virtue of certain personal and official relations we then held to the parties in the Providence and Newport churches. The editor of this paper, with one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, and a pastor in Providence, drew up a report on the historical merits of this case, which became widely circulated; and it was to the effect that the Newport church was the older of the two. No Baptist writer had ever broached such a theory before, and we can only say now that the materials for the report of that committee were entirely inadequate, and reviews of the report by more competent authorities since, have shown that we and the parties acting with us in that arbitration were greatly misled, and the judgment rendered was entirely untenable.

At the late meeting of the Savannah River Association, in this State, we promised to give our readers, at some early day, a brief statement of the real merits of the case. All the leading Baptist writers who have had access to the proper record—such as Callender, Buckus, and Benedict—agree to the correctness of the testimony which for two hundred and eighteen years has never been disputed, (except by the Newport church within the last ten years), and what assigns to the first Baptist church in Providence the character of a regularly continued church since 1639. The substance of the testimony is, that Roger Williams and ten others received baptism, which originated by Ezekiel Holliman baptizing Roger Williams, who in turn baptized Mr. Holliman and the rest. We find the records agreeing that a religious society, or a church, appeared thenceforward in that place. But it appears that Roger Williams was not ordained as pastor, and that in consequence of his peculiar views of apostolical commission, he did not long act with the church. There is no record of the ordination of any regular pastor of the church till 1642, three years after the formation of the church, when Chad Brown was ordained to the eldership. He was therefore the first regular pastor of the church. The facts of Mr. Brown's connection with the church are settled by the concurrent testimony of all the records, and by the genealogical book of the Brown family, printed for their use and in our possession, and even by the monument to his memory—the only tombstone standing, with one exception, of any of the first settlers of Providence.

The next leading error, about which the records agree, is the divisions which took place in Providence church in 1652-3, concerning the rite of laying on of hands. Of these two churches thus formed, the senior and larger one continued under Chad Brown and Mr. Wickenden as elders, and the other, the dissident body, went out under Thomas Olney. There is no record of Mr. Olney's ordination at any time. This latter Church died out in 1718. The facts on this point will be found in Elton's edition of Callender's History, from page 109 to 117—a work originally put forth in 1738, twenty years after the extinction of the Olney church. The other church has remained unbroken from the first date of its history to the present. In confirmation of this statement we have before us the records of the colonial legislature, the account of Gov. Hopkins, afterwards a signer of the Declaration of Independence (published in the Massachusetts History Collec., second series, vol. 9), the undisputed authorities found in the leading Baptist writers from Callender and Buckus down to Knowles Hague, and others of the most critical writers in our own times. The last and most consummate body of evidence in favor of our statement is in a recent volume entitled "Churches in Rhode Island," by Rev. Henry Jackson, D. D., pastor of one of the churches in Newport, whose clear testimony settles the question for ever in favor of the priority of the Providence church, and of the received facts of the early Rhode Island Baptist history. These facts nobody has ever presumed to question, till a recent party spirit in reference to it broke out in the First Church in Newport, and the results of which have been subsidized for promoting Baptist high-churchism in regions remote from the scenes of this history.

The counter claims of the Newport church can make out nothing but the following facts: that there was only one church in the Newport settlement as early as 1640; that this church was not a Baptist, but a Congregational Pedo-Baptist church; that it was not located where the First Baptist Church assumes in the town of Newport, but in Portsmouth, some eight or ten miles distant. While the records of the Providence church are numerous and concurrent, there are no records of any Baptist church in Newport until October 12, 1648, when the pastor, John Clark, and eleven others, appear as a church; and the first baptisms in this church are recorded as on the 3d of November of the same year. This was nine years after the Providence church was formed, and six years after Chad Brown was ordained its first pastor. There is a tradition indeed that the Newport church was begun in 1644. But Mr. Callender, in his famous Historical Discourse, published in 1738, in Newport, the centennial celebration of the Newport colony (not of the first Newport Church), is guarded in his sanction of this tradition. His language is: "It

is said that in 1644, Mr. John Clark and some others formed a church on the scheme and principles of the Baptists. It is certain, that in 1646 there were fifteen members in full communion." (Elton's Cal., p. 117.)

These condensed statements could be expanded by voluminous testimony before us, of the highest authority; and our references as to dates can be verified by an appeal to first sources. The Providence church therefore stands forth as a case for those who may advocate Baptist high-churchism, and an unbroken succession of administrators in baptizing. The Providence church and the Newport churches are alike in one respect. The first preacher of the Providence society, (though it seems not its regular pastor), was Roger Williams, originally a clergyman in the Church of England. He baptized nearly all of the constituents that soon after came into a regular church, under Chad Brown as Pastor. But Mr. Williams, the baptizing administrator, was himself immersed only by a layman, at the time unbaptized. The line of historical baptism fails at this point. Dr. John Clark was the first preacher at Newport, though by whom ordained, and whether originally a Congregationalist or an Episcopalian minister does not appear. The persons baptized by him in Newport church could only have received Baptism by him in the first instance as a minister of another persuasion, or in the capacity of a lay baptism. An attempt to trace a line of successional baptizers in this country, through any other course, deserves only commiseration, and should seek for arguments at Rome or Oxford.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

### Old Methodist Episcopal Church.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over the articles of your numerous contributors, I saw one written from Iowa, under the caption "Change of Name." With the spirit of that article I am well pleased. The writer proposes that which stands at the head of this article to be the name of our branch of the Church, in the place of that which she now bears. I do not know that a change of name is necessary. The word South attached to the name of our Church, may, it is true, impress some who are unacquainted with the facts in the history of the Church that it is sectional; but the better informed know that the word "South" was designed to and does express principle. But should the wiser and better heads of the next General Conference think a change of name necessary, that it will enhance the interest and welfare of the Church, I will submit with all fidelity. I love the Church and have great confidence in her ministers. In the result however of a change of name, I should be in favor of that which the Iowa brother proposes, "Old Methodist Episcopal Church." Every one who is acquainted with the history of the Church, however prejudiced he may be, must know that the Church, South, maintains the position that the Methodist Episcopal Church maintained down to the General Conference of 1844. And let it be remembered that the division of the Church did not originate from any complaint or objection to the Discipline as it was by members from the South, nor from any objection to what had been the universal construction of the Discipline, but the innovations upon the Discipline by the North led to the division of the Church. That, Mr. Editor, is a fact that stands out prominently in the history of American Methodism. The Church South has the form of Methodism as it was handed down to her by the fathers of the Church, North and South. All can see then with what propriety and justice she may appropriate the name proposed in the North. Indeed the name can not be applied with truth to any other branch of the Methodist Church of this country. I have no prejudice against the Church, North. I believe I have watched the movements of the two wings of the Church with impartiality. At the time of the division, though I felt much interested, I was a silent spectator, leaving the matter in the hands of God and the wisdom and piety of those in office—though in my feelings somewhat opposed to divisions. I have since, however, become fully satisfied that if the division was an error, God has overruled it for good to the Church in the South; her conversions are as clear, her piety as deep, and her stream of benevolence as powerful as in any other period of her history. A much freer access is had to the slaves, who form no inconsiderable part of the population of the South; and there is no doubt in my mind but that many slaves and masters are converted and will be happy in heaven for ever, that otherwise might have died in their sins and gone down to an awful hell. Notwithstanding I may see what I consider faults and errors, yet I love every branch of the Methodist Church—because I believe from my heart Methodism to be a creation of God, raised up by a special providence to "scatter Scripture holiness over the land." And though there might be a good cause to put up some division here, yet I believe God is still at the helm of the great ship, and with her ten thousand happy souls that have embarked in every division will guide her safely to the desired haven. That a feeling of universal friendship and duty may pervade the hearts of God's people in every section of the land, is the prayer of the

Old Man.

Upper Grand River, Jan. 18, '58.

DEATH OF COL. LEMANOSKY.—A few days ago, Col. Lemanosky, the illustrious Pole who served under Napoleon during the times of the Republic and the empire, died near Hamburg, Clark county, Ind., aged 88 years. He was among the first to rally to the standard of the Little Corporal, and never betrayed his trust or his master from the siege of Toulon to the final overthrow and exile. Many of us have listened to his lectures, and remember the thrilling incidents related by the old man. He was in Italy and in Egypt, and beheld the sanguinary conflicts that took place beneath the shadows of the pyramids, cruised the Red Sea, and among the arid wastes of the desert beheld the ravages of the plague cut down the flower of the army. Yet did he cling to the fortunes of the great captain with that peculiar tenacity that marked the followers of the greatest general that ever trod the earth. For his devotedness he suffered imprisonment in the loathsome dungeons of Paris, and at last, exile from the land of his first adoption to the home of the free.

Here he lived an exemplary Christian, and when he was called to fight the last battle he fought on the armor of faith, and fell beneath the scythe of death, to be welcomed victorious in eternity.

He was buried with Masonic honors, and while he lived could boast of being one of the officers that initiated the great Napoleon into the mysteries of that ancient and honorable order.—*New Albany (Ind.) Ledger.*

HOUSE OF GOD.—Of persons who entirely neglect to attend church, there are, in Edinburgh, more than 50,000, in Glasgow more than 100,000, London more than \$1,000,000. This is a fearful picture of English heathenism. Have we not reason to fear that our own country may furnish a parallel?

From the Presbyterian Herald.

### The Religion of Paying Debts.

The man who has not religion enough to make him pay his just debts when he has the ability to do so, or to seek that ability when he has lost it, has no religion at all that is worth having. That piety which does not make the subjects of it honest cannot be from God—for God is eminently just in all his dealings with his creatures. He withholds nothing from any one of them to which they have the smallest claim. He often gives them more of good than is due them, but never less. Real piety makes men like God. To be like God then is to be honest and just, giving to every one his due, at the time when it is due. Christians are said to be made "partakers of the divine nature," to be "created anew after the image of God," which is declared to consist in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. The man who says that he is like God—that he has had the divine image restored to his soul—and yet withholds that from his fellow man which he knows and admits to properly belong to him, is guilty of uttering a libel upon the character of God.

Some writers upon morals have contended it is wrong to go in debt at all, interpreting the apostolic injunction to "owe no man anything," literally. But a promise to pay, at a future time, does not become in reality a debt, in the meaning of the apostle, until that time arrives. It is a quasi debt, which becomes a real one as soon as the promised pay-day comes round. Every hour, after that, in which the debtor withholds what is due, he violates the spirit of the apostle's injunction. The thing promised to be paid by him, whether it be money or other species of property, is no longer his in the eye of God's law, but belongs to the creditor, and cannot be withheld from him without guilt, unless it be by his own consent first obtained. To withhold it from him against his will is simple robbery. Men may cover it up under some softer name, but it has all the constituent elements of robbery. The man who, for value received this day, promises to pay his neighbor, on the first day of next January, one thousand dollars, and then refuses to do it when it is in his power to do so, may not be as flagrant a thief as he is who secretly puts his hand into his neighbor's pocket and takes a thousand dollars out of it—but he is as really a thief in the one case as in the other. In both cases property is taken without the owner of it consenting thereto or receiving an equivalent for it, which is the essence of robbery. The thousand dollars, after it becomes due, may be in the debtor's pocket, but it does not belong to him; its rightful owner is the man to whom it is promised, and the first great duty of the possessor of it is to hand it over to the proper owner. There may be circumstances which will justify him in withholding it for a season, but they are the exceptions. The general rule is as we have stated it.

But it may be asked what is the duty of those who have made promises to pay, confidently expecting that they would be able to meet them, who afterwards find, from unexpected events, that they are not able to comply with those promises? This, at the present time, is preeminently a practical question. Many good men, all over the country, are debating it in their minds, greatly perplexed to know what answer to give to it. It is one of the saddest conditions in which an honest, conscientious Christian is ever placed. Every good man should avoid getting into it with as sedulous care as he would avoid exposing his person to a loathsome, contagious disease. It eats out his peace of mind as a canker. It is as a worm at the root of all his happiness. But when a good man finds himself in this condition he should call his creditors together, and make an honest, candid exhibit of his real condition. He should tell them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and give them a candid explanation of how he got into his embarrassing predicament. He should avow his intention and desire to pay as soon as he becomes able—and then go to work to acquire the ability as soon as possible, considering himself as simply their steward to manage their property for them until his debts are discharged. If good men would act thus, there are very few creditors who would be so lost to all the finer feelings of the human heart as to oppress them. We know that there are Shylocks who will exact the last pound of flesh, but, after all, honesty is the best policy. In the long run an honest man will always fare better than a dishonest one. The world is not so bad, fallen as human nature is, that it will not pay its homage to goodness in its struggle with adversity. It still bows with reverence to the truth of the declaration that "an honest man is the noblest work of God." One of the designs of God in sometimes permitting his children to fall into debt, is to give them an opportunity to display the power of religious principle under such circumstances. There is not a grander nor a more sublime spectacle upon earth than a good man standing erect and acting upon the principles of strict integrity, amid the wreck of his fortune and the treachery of pretended friends and bitter enemies. He can do more to commend religion to men of the world, under such circumstances, than the most eloquent preacher that ever spoke.

THE FEMALE LOBBY.—Among the institutions of Washington is a class of female "diplomats," "intriguers," "politicians" or "office buggars," as you may please to style them, which, as a class, can not be overestimated. These women are generally strong-minded in the full sense of the term. A few days ago one of these Amazons arrived here to secure a position for a son who seemed to inherit all the feminine traits which his mother lacked. True to the principles of her caste she went to work. If she caught a glimpse of a cabinet officer she hailed him; and if she came in contact with a poor "member" only, she colored him. All were alike attacked, and had to suffer the infliction of a woman's tongue for a half hour at least. Heavens! what misery. Even the President was not safe; and rumor has it that the war was carried into his sanctum, and that the statesman of half a century had to quail before the modern Xantippe. At last, in the course of events, she met one distinguished Senator from a New England State who has a tongue of his own, and knows how to use it. Her battery was at once opened. Round shot, bomb, shells, canister, slugs, grape, and "BB" were poured into the dignitary without mercy, and without even a pause for breath. When she had literally "ginned out" as Sam Slick would say, the Senator asked her if her son was with her.

She replied by calling Sweeney to her, who came like a "Sweeney" joy for his molasses and brimstone, and was duly presented.

"Is this the young man whom you want appointed?" asked the Senator.

"Yes, sir," the mother replied; "and, O! sir, let's set him upon it, and it will be a great disappointment, and I hope."

"Beg pardon, madam, but did you say you wanted him to enter the army?"

"Yes, sir, the dragons, if you please."

"Well, madam, my influence is not great, but I will endeavor to serve you if you will adopt a suggestion of mine."

"O, with great pleasure, sir, you are so very kind."

"Then, madam, from what I see of yourself and son, allow me to recommend that you apply for the commission in the dragons, and that your son be sent back to serve in the home infantry. I am sure the country would gain by the change."

From the Presbyterian Herald.

### The Mountain Stream.

List to the song of the mountain stream,  
From its rocky chamber springing;  
Hailing the earliest morning gleam,  
With its frolicking—sparkling—singing!  
"O, 'tis a glorious thing to bound  
Through a world of such wondrous beauty;  
The flowers are breathing sweet odors around,  
And bark! the old woods with gay music resound;  
Pleasure is glancing,  
Sunbeams are dancing,  
Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!"

List to the song of the mountain stream,  
As it rolls with its gentle swelling,  
Bouncing along with its noontide theme,  
Of the glory of labor telling:  
"I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,  
And set the young grass-blades growing;  
I'll creep round the roots of the old oak trees,  
And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.  
Lambkins shall come skipping,  
Birds shall stoop alighting,  
And shall be glad for my pure liquid flowing."

List to the song of the mountain stream,  
As it rolls with its gentle swelling,  
Bouncing along with its noontide theme,  
Of the glory of labor telling:  
"I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,  
And set the young grass-blades growing;  
I'll creep round the roots of the old oak trees,  
And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.  
Lambkins shall come skipping,  
Birds shall stoop alighting,  
And shall be glad for my pure liquid flowing."

From Bancroft's History.

### Daniel Boone.

In his peaceful habitation on the banks of the Yadkin river in North Carolina, Daniel Boone, the illustrious hunter, had heard Finley, a trader, so memorable as the pioneer, describe a tract of land west of Virginia as the richest in North America, or in the world. In May, 1769, leaving his wife and offspring, having Finley as his pilot and four others as his companions, the young man of about three and twenty wandered forth through the wilderness of America, "in quest of the country of Kentucky" known to the savages as the "Dark and Bloody Ground, the Middle Ground," between the subjects of the Five Nations and the Cherokees. After a long and fatiguing journey through mountain ranges, the party found themselves, in June, on the Red river, a tributary to the Kentucky, and from the top of an eminence surveyed with delight a beautiful plain that stretched to the northwest. Here they built their shelter and began to reconnoitre and hunt. All the kinds of wild beasts that were natural to America, the stately elk, the timid deer, the antlered stag, the wild cat, the bear, the panther and the wolf crouched among the canes, or roamed over the rich grasses, which, even beneath the thickest shades, sprang luxuriantly out of the generous soil. The buffaloes cropped fearlessly the herbage or browsed on the leaves of the reed, and were more frequent than cattle in a settlement of California herdsmen. Sometimes there were hundreds in a drove, and round the salt licks their number was amazing.

The summer in which for the first time a party of white men enjoyed the brilliancy of nature near and in the valley of Elkhorn, passed away in the occupations of exploring parties and the chase. But one by one, Boone's companions dropped off, till he was left alone with John Stewart. They joyfully found unceasing delight in the wonders of the forest, till one evening near Kentucky river they were taken prisoners by a band of Indians, wanderers like themselves. The escaped and were joined by Boone's brother; so that when Stewart was soon after killed by savages, the first victim among the hecatomb of white men slain by them in their desperate battling for the beloved hunting ground, Boone still had the brother to share with him the dangers and attractions of wilderness, the building and occupying the first cottage in Kentucky.

In the spring of 1770, that brother returned to the settlement for horses and supplies of ammunition, leaving the renowned hunter "by himself, without bread or salt, or even a horse or a dog. The idea of a beloved wife anxious for his safety, tinged his thoughts with sadness, but otherwise the cheerful and meditative man, careless of wealth, knowing the use of the rifle, not the plow, of a strong, robust frame, in the vigorous health of early manhood, ignorant of books, but versed in the forest and forest life, even fond of tracking the deer on foot away from men, yet in his disposition humane, generous and gentle; was happy in uninterrupted succession of "sylvan pleasure."

One calm, summer's evening, as he climbed a commanding ridge, and looked upon the remote "venerable mountains," and the nearer ample plains, caught a glimpse in the distance of the Ohio, which bounded the land of his affections with majestic grandeur, his heart exulted in the regions he had discovered. "All things are still." Not a breeze so much as shook a leaf. He kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loins of a buck. He was no more alone than the bee among flowers, but communed familiarly with the whole universe of life. Nature was his intimate, and as the roving woodsman leaned confidently on her bosom, she responded to his intelligence.

For him the rocks and fountains, the leaf and the blades of grass had life; the cooling air, laden with the wild perfume, came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the trees stood up gloriously round about him as so many myriads of companions. All wore the character of design or peril. But how could he be afraid—triumphing over danger, he knew no fear. The perpetual howlings of the wolves by night round his cottage or bivouac in the brake, was his diversion; and by day he had joy in surveying the various species of animals that surrounded him. He loved the solitude better than the towered city or the hum of business.

Near the end of July, 1770, his faithful brother came back to meet him at the old camp. Shortly after, they proceeded to the Cumberland river, giving names to the different waters; he then returned to his wife and children, fixed in his purpose, at the risk of his life and fortune, to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which he esteemed a second Paradise.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The enterprise of connecting Great Britain and the United States by an electric cable is not abandoned. Indeed we think it is quite likely to succeed. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, to whose liberality and public spirit in this matter so much is due, sailed yesterday in the Persia to perfect arrangements for a new trial next summer. Mr. Everett, the engineer of the Niagara, accompanied him, and will take an active part in the work of laying the cable. We understand that the practical work will be mainly under the direction of Mr. Field; and Mr. Everett is sanguine that, with a picked crew of sailors to pay out the cable, he can succeed in bringing it safely across the ocean. The best wishes of thousands attend Mr. Field upon this great public mission.—*Independent.*

THE BEST OF GIFTS.—A celebrated writer says the best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to govern your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.